

1985, Baby by papa (albinolockedtreasure)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Babysitter Steve Harrington, Big Brother Steve Harrington, Canon-Typical Violence, Eventual Smut, Haringgrove, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Masturbation, Neil Hargrove Being an Asshole, Past Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Sexual Fantasy, Smoking, Underage Drinking

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Jonathan Byers, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Nancy Wheeler, Neil Hargrove, Original Character: Martha, Steve Harrington, Tommy H. (Stranger Things)

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-12-25

Updated: 2018-03-13

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:22:01

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 4

Words: 10,079

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

(No, it's not the Bowling For Soup song "1985," although we wish it was)

"Hey, buddy. Haven't seen you in a while."

"Happy New Year, Billy."

It's been weeks since the Snowball Dance, since the break-up with Nancy, since the Gate was sealed, and since the dangerous altercation at the Byers' house. With 1984 in the rearview mirror, Steve Harrington is just trying to stay out of trouble. Billy Hargrove has different plans.

1. Maniac

Author's Note:

Hey, lads, this is our first real fan fiction! Wow! Coming to you live from the mysterious writing duo, C + S. Don't worry, smut to come. Gotta reel em in a little, eh?

Steve gently pressed a hand to the side of his head, holding the hairs in place for the final step of his primping routine. Well, he wouldn't really refer to it as primping, that's just what Nancy always called it. *Nancy*. Steve knew he shouldn't be thinking about her, it was just so goddamn hard when she was the only reason he was getting ready to go out; if he even decided to go out. When Nancy told him about the New Year's party, Steve could only think one thing: *pity invite*. And, why the hell would he even want to show up to a dumb party where Nancy and Jonathan Byers would be sucking face nonstop right in front of him? Who the hell were his friends at Hawkins High anymore? Why would he want to spend an entire night with these shitheads anyway?

Steve violently shook his can of Farrah Fawcett spray and unloaded an obscenely thick layer of hair product to his head. Four puffs, damp (not wet). Glaring at his reflection in the mirror, Steve attempted to mentally prepare himself for the party. He shrugged his shoulders, he wiggled his eyebrows, and he smoothed the front of his t-shirt. *You look good, Steve*, he thought. *You're not some loser*. His eyes darted from the mirror to a tacked-up photograph of Nancy and him at the last New Year's party. Steve turned the dial of his radio down and sank down on the edge of his bed. It had been months since the breakup, and Steve was so tired of feeling sorry for himself.

In a moment of bravery, Steve's legs propelled him off of the mattress toward the picture of him and Nancy. He untacked it. He held it. He stared at it for no more than five seconds before carrying it over to his trash can. Steve inhaled, memories of their relationship flooding his mind. *It's over. I wouldn't take her back even if she asked*.

Steve exhaled before shoving the photograph into his sock drawer

next to a package of untouched condoms. If the drawer had been organized enough for him to be able to shut it, he would have slammed it for dramatic effect. *Grow up, Harrington. I'm sure it wouldn't be that bad if you stopped by for an hour and stole some beer.* He turned the dial of the radio back up, and searched under his bed for his sneakers. Steve hummed along to "Working for the Weekend" as he tentatively laced them up. He bolted down the stairs in fear of changing his mind again.

Steve shouted to his parents, "I'm going out! If I'm not back by the end of 1984, Happy New Year!" before shutting the front door behind him.

If there was a single policeman on patrol in this neighborhood right now, Steve sure wasn't aware of it. This party had to be the most egregious display of underage drinking in America; not to mention, it seemed like the whole senior class was here making its presence very audibly known.

Steve was surprised to find that he barely had to knock twice before the front door opened.

Oh, jeez.

Looking blissful, in *goddamn love*, and stoned out of his mind stood a smiling Jonathan Byers.

"Steve! Glad you could make it."

Steve wasn't sure what face he made as he politely nodded and slunk past Jonathan into the sweaty mass of his peers. He made a beeline to the punch bowl. Ladling the "juice" into a what looked like a clean plastic cup, Steve took a deep breath. And then chugged. And then ladled again. He refused to socialize before consuming at least two full cups.

Sipping on his third cup, Steve looked around the kitchen. The tile floors were sticky with spilled alcohol, empty beer cans covered the counters, and gold and silver streamers hung from the ceiling. "Maniac" was booming from the other room and Steve wandered

toward it.

There were people everywhere: sitting on couches, leaning against walls, and crowding together as they danced. It was dark, but a pink lamp bathed the whole room in a soft glow. The scent of hormonal excess and illegal substances was thick, and Steve's temperature climbed as he was swallowed by the humid air.

"Steve!"

He winced. "Hi, Nance."

He turned around to face her, stomach twisting.

"I'm glad you could make it out! I didn't think I'd see you until 1985."

"Yup. Dustin finally let me out of the house! Been grounded forever."

Nancy laughed politely. "It's so nice that you are spending time with him. He had a lot of good things to say about you when I last saw him."

"What can I say, I'm a good role model," Steve responded dryly.

"Maniac" desperately tried to fill the awkward pause between them.

"Happy New Year, Nancy." Steve brushed past her, clamoring for an escape route into another room.

In his haste, he ended up tangling himself in the beaded, wooden curtain that separated him from his freedom. He furiously swatted it off of himself, the punch sloshing in his stomach and Nancy's smiling face swimming in his vision.

Behind him was a disaster waiting to happen. In front of him stood a disaster that already happened, and that disaster's "friends".

Steve braced himself for impact. There was no way he was turning back around.

"Look what we have here, Billy," Tommy said, the stupid freckles on

his face making Steve's blood boil.

"Shut the fuck up, Tommy," Billy said, strolling past Tommy and the two boys who flanked his sides. He snuffed out his cigarette on the doorframe above Steve's head, leaving his arm resting there. Steve inhaled sharply.

"Hey, buddy. Haven't seen you in a while."

"Happy New Year, Billy." Steve clenched his jaw. Billy licked his bottom lip.

Billy's breath smelt sharp and acidic as he exhaled. "That's cute, Harrington. Are you going to braid my hair after we paint each other's nails to celebrate?" He lifted a flask to his lips, and the unmistakable waft of tequila made Steve's stomach turn. His arm swung down from the doorframe, threatening to collide with Steve. Steve flinched. Billy was immovable.

"I'm sure you'd like that," Steve said quietly.

"What was that?" Billy's eyes grew dark and his skin flushed.

"Nothing, dude." Steve took a quick drink of his punch, doing his best to sound nonchalant instead of scared shitless. Liquid courage, or something, right?

Steve's eyes darted to the staircase beckoning from behind Billy's shoulder; another escape. "I have to take a leak." He slipped past Billy with his head down, somehow avoiding making physical contact or meeting Billy's eyes.

Billy watched him as he went.

Steve could hear the muffled sound of Tommy calling after him through the blood rushing in his ears, but he didn't stick around to figure out what he was saying. Step by step, the laughing and jeering behind him grew louder. Steve continued to charge up the stairs in exasperation. He had become an expert at avoiding this bullshit since the night Billy smashed a dinner plate over his head. *You didn't come here to get into a fight like some psycho.*

When he was finally out of Billy's reach on the second floor, he rubbed his temples in an attempt to stop his head from pounding. He desperately wished he were drunker. Nothing was simple anymore. He couldn't just grab a couple of drinks and mingle without getting bombarded by his mistakes. He tried to shake this feeling off to no avail, dragging himself to the bathroom and slamming the door shut.

Billy watched in animalistic curiosity as Steve slipped into the room at the top of the stairs. He was undeniably provoked, blood pumping with familiar adrenaline; the last time Billy felt this way, he was pounding Steve Harrington's face into the floor. His nostrils flared as he exhaled, took another cigarette out of his pocket, and narrowed his eyes. Something about Harrington's coiffed hair and smug smile inflamed him. He wasn't going to let him get away that easily.

Behind him, Tommy crushed his empty beer can and tossed it aside.

"What a fucking pussy, man," the stocky brunette to Tommy's right said, laughing.

"We need more beer," groaned a scrawny boy with an unfortunate buzzcut.

"Hey Billy," Tommy yelled over the music, slapping Billy's back.

Billy whirled around, his arm jutting out to push Tommy away from him.

"Whoa man, you good?"

Billy just glared, inhaling raggedly. They were like flies buzzing in his ears.

"We're gonna find some more beer, okay? Jesus." The three boys slid past Billy. He ignored them as he lit his cigarette.

Billy's eyes found their way back to the staircase as he took a slow drag, smoke lazily curling from his lips. He stalked up the stairs, boots hitting the hardwood with an authoritative stride. He wanted to finish what he started.

Steve clutched the edges of the sink, intensely examining his

reflection in the mirror. He felt his fingers press harder and harder into the porcelain as if somehow he could crush it. The features on his face began to blur. Good, at least the alcohol was starting to affect him.

The *click* of the doorknob made Steve jolt.

It took a few seconds for him to speak. "Sorry! I'll be out in a sec."

In a final attempt to calm himself down, Steve splashed his face, letting the cold water shock him as he slapped his palms against his cheeks.

He dried his face with the bottom of his faded, navy blue t-shirt as he unlatched the lock. His hand was still on the latch when the door violently swung into his forearm. A rough set of hands pushed against his bare chest and he blindly stumbled back. He instinctively let go of his shirt, fingers curling into fists by his sides. He was face to face with Billy again, who kicked the door shut behind him.

"We didn't finish our conversation, Harrington," Billy said through gritted teeth.

Steve breathed out through his nostrils, holding eye contact.

"I didn't catch that," Billy persisted, taking another step toward him. "You're gonna have to SPEAK UP." His words were punctuated with spit.

"I didn't say anything."

"See, it's really hard having a conversation when I'm the only one talking."

"My bad, I guess."

"God, I really must have beat the shit out of you. Did I turn you into a vegetable or something?" Billy lifted his cigarette to his mouth, blowing a stream of smoke in Steve's face and impatiently waiting for a reaction of any kind. He tapped the excess ash on Steve's shoulder.

"What the hell is wrong with you, man?" He reached over to brush

the debris off of his shirt. He felt another hand slam into his chest, knocking the breath out of him. Billy had him cornered.

“Get the fuck away from me, Billy.”

“What? What was that?” Billy moved closer into Steve’s space.

“I’m starting to think you have a hearing problem.”

Steve moved to leave, deliberately crashing into Billy’s shoulder as he went. Billy let him take a few steps before grabbing him by the arms and flipping him around. He launched his fist toward Steve’s jaw. Steve caught Billy by the forearm and spun him around, throwing off Billy’s balance. Seeing the opportunity, he pushed Billy from behind, sending him to the floor. Billy stopped himself from falling face first with his wrist, turning back around so he was sitting, facing Steve. Steve lunged toward him, taking a fist full of Billy’s white t-shirt.

“How ‘bout you plant your fucking feet next time,” Steve breathed.

Grunting, Billy tossed Steve by the shoulders onto his back beside him. Billy climbed on top of him, trying to pin him down. Denim scraped against denim as each boy desperately tried to get the upper hand. Steve struggled against Billy’s strong grip, flailing his legs and trying to push him off. Limbs bashed against the bathtub and the radiator as the two wrestled on the hard tile. Their breathing grew ragged with effort. Every once in a while one would swing their fist, but none of the punches ever landed. The harder Steve fought, the harder it was for him to regain power. With each movement, the boys became more and more exhausted. Steve tried to maneuver himself out from underneath Billy, but much to his frustration, Steve could no longer compete. He finally succumbed with his forearms pressed against the floor, hoping Billy would be satisfied with a win and get off. Both of their chests heaved up and down as the two glared at one another. Billy’s icy blue eyes flashed with threatening intensity.

For a moment, everything was silent and still. Something inexplicable flickered in the face above Steve’s but it was gone before he could place it.

Billy blinked and Steve felt the grip on his arms slacken. He hadn't realized he had been holding his breath until Billy abruptly looked away.

Steve tried to sit up, but he was pulled sharply by his collar before he could move. *If looks could kill.* Billy opened his mouth to hurl an insult at Steve, but his words seemed to get caught in his throat. They were just inches apart.

Thud. Steve's back forcefully hit the tile when Billy shoved him back down. Steve didn't even try to get back up. He just closed his eyes and waited. He didn't open them again until long after he heard the door slam.

2. Cornered

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey there, we have a blog now! [@1985baybee on tumblr](#), run by the both of us, your favorites, C + S.

Follow us if you like the concept of fun in your life.
(Message us or leave a comment, we'd love to hear your feedback!)

Billy woke up shivering in the backseat of his car a couple of blocks down the street. 1985, baby. He sat up groggily and ran his fingers through his hair. He wasn't surprised that he didn't make it home. He kicked his empty flask onto the floor as images from the night before immediately assailed him. He'd come back to his car after that unsatisfying blowjob some whore had given him in the downstairs closet. He had no idea what time that had happened, but he knew it must have been before midnight because right before that he was fucking rolling around on the bathroom floor with Steve Harrington. *Damn*, he couldn't help but think about how weird that had been. The more dismissive Steve was, the more Billy wanted to dig his nails into him. Billy patted his pockets for his Marlboro Reds. Pulling out the box he immediately felt its emptiness, suddenly recalling that he'd smoked the rest of the pack last night.

"Ah, shit."

He swung the door open and hauled himself out onto the asphalt only for the cold to get worse.

"Son of a bitch!"

He practically jumped, closing the door and opening the driver's, hurriedly sliding back in. He hated wearing anything heavier than his jean jacket but he was beginning to see the value of a real coat. *You're going soft, Hargrove.*

It took three tries for the engine to even start, and Billy still had to wait for the thing to heat up. He couldn't imagine the damage being

done to his car since coming to the freezing hell that was Hawkins, Indiana. He was getting impatient. His hand reflexively reached for his lighter and he ignited it over and over while he waited for the heating in his Camaro to work. *Fuck this town, fuck this weather, and fuck 1984.*

Billy suddenly felt hot air rush from the vents on the dashboard, dropped his lighter into a cup holder and turned his cassette player on. W.A.S.P.'s "I Wanna Be Somebody" blasted through the car's speakers.

He gunned it.

To be honest, Billy Hargrove had no idea what the speed limit was in this town and he didn't have any desire to figure it out. He needed a goddamn smoke and he needed it now. Actually, he needed it last night, but his idiotic ass had wasted the last one on trying to get a rise out of Steve Harrington.

Something about that guy got under his skin. He was pathetic. He was the "star" of the basketball team, yet he was about as sturdy as a wet towel. He acted like he was on some moral high ground, but no one gets called the "King" of a high school without getting into a little trouble. And then, after months of acting like an expired piece of lettuce, Steve Harrington had the audacity to try and tell Billy what to do. He needed this fucking cigarette. Or ten. He revved the engine.

Downtown was deserted. The Camaro's tires screeched as Billy pulled it to park in front of Melvald's General Store, straddling two spaces. He dug his hand into his jacket pocket for some change. He lifted an assortment of crumpled bills, coins, and receipts out and sifted through his inventory. \$2.00 would be enough for a pack of Reds, enough to get him through the next couple of days. Taking the keys out of the ignition and shoving his hand back into his pocket, Billy swung the car door open. With a sigh, he climbed out of the front seat, locking the Camaro behind him as he sauntered towards Melvald's. He turned his collar up against the biting wind and confidently reached towards the shop's door handle.

It was locked.

He huffed, clenched his jaw, and checked his watch.

9:00 am on January fucking 1st.

Billy pinched the bridge of his nose to alleviate the growing pressure between his temples. He had no other choice but to head home. None of the stores in Hawkins would be open on a holiday, let alone at nine in the morning. Happy New Year. Speakers blaring and exhaust billowing behind him, Billy thundered down the road. He took the longest route towards his house, trying to suppress a creeping feeling of unease. He hit the steering wheel to the beat of the music with his palm. He adjusted the rearview mirror three or four times. He sped around corners with an almost robotic stiffness. Nothing was working. Billy's thoughts were on everything but the road.

He skidded to a stop in front of his house and hopped out, not even bothering to lock the car. He bolted to the ugly, yellow door, fumbling with his keys and rushing inside. To his surprise, the house was quiet except for the television in the living room. Two empty champagne bottles sat on the coffee table, and the news recapped the New Year's celebration in Times Square. The cheering of the crowd was making his headache worse. Billy carelessly hit the power button on the set before going into his room and shutting the door. He immediately sat on the edge of his bed, picked up an ashtray from the top of his speaker, and sifted through it in search of a smokable cigarette butt. Nothing was cutting it. He rapidly tapped his foot on the hardwood floor. After last night, Billy didn't want to sit around with only his cloudy memories to preoccupy him.

He dumped the ashtray out into the trash can and placed it back on the speaker. It was a long shot, but he slid off his mattress and crouched on the floor, sweeping his arm under his bed. He could see discarded school papers, a pair of sneakers, an extra lighter, and a variety of cassette tapes hiding in the dark and dust. His fingertips brushed something small that came spinning into view from underneath the bed frame. He snatched up the cigarette and quickly lit it.

Relieved, Billy laid back on his mattress. He took a long drag and absentmindedly placed his free hand on his stomach. His expression behind the orange filter was almost blissful as smoke rushed from his

nostrils. Warmth traveled to his chest, filling Billy with a false sense of comfort; something about smoking alone in his room made him feel completely safe and at ease. He closed his eyes.

“Who the fuck turned the T.V. off?”

A harsh voice cut through the calm inside of Billy’s mind. He rolled his head to the side to get a better view of his door, half expecting his father to kick it down. A horrible shattering sound came from somewhere in the house followed by the unmistakable rhythm of heavy footsteps approaching Billy’s room. Billy hastily put out his cigarette.

The door flung open.

“Did you turn off the television?”

“Yeah... why?” Billy lazily shrugged his shoulders.

“For God’s— I’m sick and tired of you acting like you own this place. Did you buy that T.V.?”

Billy wished he could laugh at the absurdity of his father’s temper, but that feeling was swallowed by his overwhelming impulse to curl up into a ball, cry, or physically remove his father from his room. This situation was all too familiar.

“Are you ignoring me?”

“No.”

“Did. You. Buy. That. Television.” Neil Hargrove’s voice was dangerously quiet.

“No.”

“Then stop acting like you did. If someone else is watching, it’s disrespectful to interrupt their program.” Neil sighed, some of his anger diffusing. “Understand me?”

“Yes, sir.”

There was a long pause and Billy's father looked at him expectantly. It took all the strength Billy had to maintain eye contact with his father, but he knew that he could not look down until this was over. That would not be tolerated.

His father laughed bitterly. "That's it? That's all you have to say?"

Billy waited.

"You know Susan was very upset when you left without wishing her and your sister Maxine a Happy New Year."

"You know Susan doesn't give a shit-!"

Neil took two steps toward his son. Billy flinched.

"Are you calling me a liar?" Billy's entire body tensed. *Mistake. Mistake, mistake, mistake, mistake, mistake.*

He opened his mouth but his father cut him off. "ARE YOU CALLING ME A LIAR?" he barked, towering over Billy.

"No, sir."

Neil's features didn't relax.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Good. Now take out the trash." His father wheeled around and slammed the door behind him.

Billy breathed in shakily. He grabbed the rest of his cigarette from the ashtray and lit it as fast as he could, inhaling the smoke like it was his life source.

He wanted to scream, but he knew he couldn't, so he settled for hitting the wall. He wanted to hit his father, but he knew he couldn't, so he settled for obedience. Billy breathed in for four counts and then out for another four before grabbing the bare cigarette scrap and lighter and rising from his bed. Gritting his teeth, he slowly turned the doorknob and pulled. After determining that his father was staying put in front of the television, Billy continued into the kitchen.

He couldn't help but wrinkle his nose when he freed the trash bag from its confines underneath the kitchen sink.

Obedience wasn't enough. This menial task did nothing to subdue the sea of unpleasant emotions swarming inside him. After he took out the trash, Billy resolved to drive far, far away until he could find somewhere that was open and sold Marlboros.

Steve Harrington opened his front door to a head full of curls poking out from underneath a baseball hat.

"I've been calling you all day!" The curls bounced in agitation.

"Good morning, Dustin." Steve rubbed his eye and leaned against the doorframe. He could see that the kid was shivering in his blue jacket, his pudgy cheeks rosy from the cold. Dustin adjusted his backpack on his shoulders and shifted from foot to foot.

"Are you just gonna stand there and watch me freeze?"

"I...no. No. Uh come in, I guess."

"Thanks!" Dustin scrambled past Steve into the warmth of the house, quickly tossing his backpack on the sofa and taking his jacket off. After unzipping each pocket of his bag and rummaging through it, Dustin pulled out a gaming cartridge. He sat cross-legged on the carpet, fiddling with the small piece of plastic. Steve turned the television on and slumped down next to him with a sigh.

"What game did you get this time?"

"*Demon Attack*," Dustin said, eyes still fixed on the cartridge. "I borrowed it from Mike's house last night."

"Borrowed it," Steve repeated and playfully snatched the game from Dustin, "One of these days he's going to catch on, you know."

He snatched it back. "I know."

Sensing Dustin's agitation and impatience, Steve reached for his Atari. He turned on the console. "What's wrong, Romeo?"

With his round features illuminated by the T.V. screen, Dustin frowned and put the *Demon Attack* cartridge in place. The game started up with a set of tinny beeps. "My year had a bad start." Dustin handed a joystick to Steve and stared at the pixelated graphics.

"Tell me about it," Steve said, both in agreement and in an attempt to get this kid to talk. He rapidly pressed down on the controller, trying to beat a 13-year-old at his own game.

"My mom made me bike home before midnight and Lucas wouldn't shut up about it and Max heard the whole thing and she probably already thinks I'm such a loser—"

"Hey! Hey, nobody thinks you're a loser. These are your friends, they care about you. I know you're still getting over this Max thing—"

"I'm not getting over—"

"Dustin. C'mon, buddy." Steve tilted his head and raised his eyebrows knowingly. He lost a life. Dustin's eyes didn't budge from the T.V. "You can't win them all."

"It looks like I'm winning this one, though," Dustin said, his face scrunching up with laughter. He annihilated a row of monsters with virtual ease and flashed Steve a delighted grin. Steve returned the favor with a tight-lipped smile. Watching this kid pine over Max made Steve a bit nauseous. It was like looking in a tiny, chubby mirror.

"Shit!"

They watched as three electronic space demons shot a stream of lasers at Steve's ship.

It was cornered.

Steve tightened his grip on the joystick, his senses heightened as if he was actually being confronted. He thought about the bizarre bathroom-wrestling match he had with Billy Hargrove, about the way Billy had almost smiled at him like he was about to pounce, the way Billy nonchalantly tapped his cigarette ash onto his shoulder.

At first, he had been scared. Then, annoyed. He certainly hadn't shown up wanting to fight Billy. But then, as he walked up the stairs, he found all of his reluctance, fear, irritation, shame, and embarrassment coalesce into a fervid anger.

He had tried to keep it at bay, but Billy wrenched it out of him. The second he succumbed to that impulse and rammed his shoulder into Billy's, he knew there was no going back.

And the funny thing was, Steve didn't exactly regret it. Sure, it had left his head spinning today, but for a few hours afterward, it was almost like his head was clear. Like he was relieved. Thoughts of Nancy and college and upholding some sort of social status didn't cross his mind. It was like he had fought them out and left them all on that bathroom floor.

Steve had no idea why Billy was so fixated on him. Their first major showdown may have had its "reasons", but Steve had noticed Billy paying him special attention long before that altercation. The way Billy targeted him was unlike anything Tommy had ever done. It was masked with an unusual charm, Billy practically leering at him between hip checks on the court. It was an unnerving combination of aggression and obsession. It was something Steve had never experienced before, and something he didn't want to think about. But that fleeting look on Billy's face left him perplexed. It was... *vulnerable*? Steve wasn't sure if that was the right word for it. It was more than that, it was...

"Steve! Hello! Earth to Steve!"

Steve jumped at his name. "Wha— Oh, shit!" He moved his controller in alarm, belatedly trying to save the last of his lives. Dustin paused the game.

"Yeah, dude, you just got lasered to shreds. You're makin' it easy!"

“Oh, I was just...I was letting you win.”

“Well, you didn't have to do that!” Dustin rolled his eyes as Steve reached over and gave him a lighthearted shove. “I was beating you anyways.”

Steve unpaused the game. “Yeah, okay, hotshot. Round two you'll get your ass handed to you, will that make you happy?”

“You're on.”

3. Pass

Steve always thought that high school would go by in the blink of an eye. He remembered his father saying something along those lines, paired with some bullshit story about it being “the greatest four years” of his life. The comment was prompted by another argument about college, about Nancy, about getting a job, about losing another game, about “making his old man proud.” Steve hated the way his father treated everything like a competition, chasing this delusion of former high-school glory. Steve liked it better when his parents were away on business. When they left, all of the pressure they placed on him left with them. But Steve knew that when he got back home, his parents would be waiting for him. He’d have to explain to his father how he failed the first quiz of the semester because he was up playing video games with a thirteen-year-old.

Steve started tapping his foot rapidly, rattling the metal of his desk.

He had always loved everything about school, except for the classes. The confidence he got from playing basketball and being social royalty was almost enough to make up for hardly keeping his grades at a B level. When he had started dating Nancy, he felt on top of the world. It was then that Tommy had annoyingly crowned Nancy as Steve’s “Princess”. He hated to admit it, but Steve agreed with him; Nancy was definitely royalty in her own regard. She had distracted him from his academic stress and even helped him study. Losing her was losing a hot girlfriend and a hot tutor. And he could really use that tutoring right about now. Steve hadn’t read anything in the textbook over winter break. Steve hadn’t done much of anything except cart Dustin around in his BMW, play video games with Dustin, and dodge Dustin’s invitations to play *D&D* with his friends. The New Years party was the first time he had seen anyone from school since the fall semester. Nancy had called him, and he had called Nancy one night when he was home alone and drunk on the vodka his parents kept in the fridge. Tommy and Carol both called him on multiple occasions; he didn’t bother to pick up. He didn’t feel like being harassed over the phone.

“Cut it out!” someone hissed from behind him as they kicked the back of his seat. The rattling of Steve’s desk stopped as he switched to tapping his pencil on his thigh between filling in answers. He had no idea who the President or Vice President of the Confederacy was. He had no idea what the name of Ulysses S. Grant’s Spring 1864 campaign was. He was completely lost.

He filled in C for at least four blank answers, took a deep breath, and stood up. He grabbed the quiz and brought it to his teacher at the front of the classroom.

“Took you long enough.” Mr. Pinser didn’t look up from the papers he was grading. Steve shrugged and muttered, “Other people are still working.” His teacher looked around. No one else was working. Steve shook his head, reached for the blue bathroom pass hanging by the door, and swiftly exited the room.

“Don’t bother picking me up, asshole!” Max Mayfield slammed the passenger side door of the Camaro.

Billy sped off the second her skateboard hit the sidewalk. He didn’t really care, but he was late for school. Because of Max and because of some half-baked promise he had made to his father. His music pounded as he pulled into a parking spot close to the side entrance of the high school. Billy lifted his black, canvas gym bag from the back seat, slid out of the car, and threw the bag over his shoulder. It bounced on his hip as he walked into school.

Everything about Hawkins High School was grey. The lockers were grey, the tiling was grey, the teachers were grey, and all the fucking students were grey. There was really only one place that didn’t completely suck the life out of him.

Billy headed straight for the gym. He could smell the scent of fresh floor polish as it emanated from the basketball court. Even in Indiana, the administration always had the floors waxed before

second semester started. The wood glinted in the fluorescent lighting, creating an artificial warmth. Billy took a deep breath, walked the perimeter of the gym, and opened the locker room door.

The bright orange walls of the boys' locker room radiated an undeniable energy. Billy walked between the first and second row of lockers, tossing his bag against them with a metallic *clang*. There was another noise from somewhere in the room. Billy narrowed his eyes and stalked around the second set of lockers.

Lying on his back on one of the benches was Harrington. His green sweater was rolled up to his elbows, and the back of his head rested on his hands. Billy couldn't help but notice that a part of Steve's stomach was exposed from his sweater riding up. Steve's lanky form abruptly sat up in response to the figure in his peripheral. Billy froze.

Steve's chest felt tight. Billy looked like a deer in headlights, staring down at him. Steve had intended to come in here to be alone for just *five minutes*. Being in class was everything short of physically painful — except for gym class, which he could actually excel at and was in fact sometimes physically painful. This locker room used to feel like a safe space. What the hell was it good for now?

"Harrington."

Steve swung his legs off the bench so he was facing Billy, his feet solidly resting on the floor.

"Hargrove."

"What brings you here?" asked Billy, impossibly still.

Steve considered getting up and leaving, but decided that he preferred this over Pinser's hellish presence. A social confrontation was more familiar to him than any class material would be.

Billy caught a glimpse of the blue pass poking out of Steve's front jeans pocket.

"Cutting class, are we Harrington?" He was in motion again, drifting toward Steve.

“Aren’t you supposed to be in class right now, also?”

Billy reached down to pull the bathroom pass out of Steve’s pocket. Steve felt himself stop breathing.

“Maybe, I’m just taking a trip to the little boy’s room.”

“Hey man, give that back,” Steve said quietly, letting out a breath.

Billy hovered over Steve. His necklace dangled in the space between them as Billy grazed Steve’s thigh and slid the pass into his own back pocket. Steve shifted uncomfortably.

There was that look again.

That unusual *something* in Billy’s eyes left Steve rattled. He honestly expected Billy to push him off the bench. But, Billy looked *nervous*? *Expectant*? Steve still couldn’t pinpoint the look on the other boy’s face.

“No can do, Harrington,” Billy said. Steve could feel his breath on his face.

Unthinking, Steve reached for the hall pass in Billy’s back pocket. “Just give me the pass—”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, you trying to cop a feel or something?” Billy stood up straight but didn’t take any steps back.

“No!” Steve responded hastily.

“I wouldn’t mind,” Billy said, propping his foot up on the bench next to Steve.

Was Billy flirting with him? It was a ridiculous thought, but Steve couldn’t help but wonder if that were the case, or if Billy was just trying to find a reason to smash Steve’s head against the lockers. It was almost too easy for Steve to draw connections between his days of picking on girls he liked in elementary school and Billy’s bizarre behavior.

“Don’t you want your pass back?” he said softly.

“Cut it out,” Steve said, wrinkling his face and standing up. The space between them narrowed. “Do you ever get tired of acting like a child?”

Billy threw his head back and laughed. “Do you ever get tired of acting like a little bitch? Come on, Harrington, get your pass back.”

Steve pushed Billy’s leg off of the bench, causing Billy to stumble to the side. For a second, he looked shocked.

“No need to get aggressive, we’re all friends here,” Billy said flippantly.

“Right.”

“You don’t agree?” Billy stuck his right hand in his back pocket where the pass was, taking another step towards Steve.

“What is your deal?” Steve asked, gesturing. “You try to pick a fight every time I see you, you clearly have no concept of personal space, and you just asked me if I thought we were fucking friends.”

“It was just a harmless question, really.” There was a hint of amusement on Billy’s face.

“Nothing is harmless coming from you. I don’t think you’re hearing what I’m saying.”

“Oh, I hear you just fine. I bet you like the attention,” Billy replied, taking the pass out of his pocket and turning it over in his hands.

Steve rolled his eyes. “I really think you should get to class,” he said, reaching for the pass again.

Billy moved it out of Steve’s reach. “You seem really concerned. That’s sweet,” he taunted.

Steve scoffed. “Listen, I know you’ve got a permanent hard-on for me —”

“Oh? Get a good look, Harrington?” Billy glanced down with a smirk.

Steve automatically followed Billy's gaze, then abruptly looked away, wincing at his mistake. *You fucking idiot.*

"That's disgusting, man."

The smirk disappeared. "Really? I thought queers like you were into that sort of thing." There was a sharp shift in Billy's tone that caught Steve completely off guard. He had never been called a queer before.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Steve frowned, appearing half bewildered, half offended.

It was Billy's turn to roll his eyes. "Shut up." He shoved the bathroom pass towards Steve's chest, knocking him back.

Steve caught it. He noticed that Billy's face was flushed. For a moment, Steve thought he recognized a deep pain behind Billy's expression.

The bell suddenly rang with an abrasive *BUZZ*.

The moment was over. Steve pocketed the bathroom pass, muttering a tight-lipped "Thanks," as he stiffly walked past Billy and out of the locker room.

Billy heard the metal door slam shut.

Pushing buttons was kind of Billy's thing. The bigger the reaction he got out of someone, the more powerful he felt. It was one of the only things in his life that he felt like he could control. He was good at knowing what made people tick, what he could poke at to make them snap. Steve was no exception and yet, Billy was, for the first time, scared that he pushed too far.

Harrington had pushed him too far, and Billy hated it. He hated the way that Steve made him feel unusually out of control. It had been fun at first: a little jab on the basketball court, or a snarky comment in the locker room showers. But now it was much more difficult for Billy to maintain any composure around Steve Harrington.

He was drawn to him in the kind of way he had been drawn to that charming blonde boy in homeroom back at his old school. Eric. Billy

had pushed him too, criticizing the way he dressed, the way he talked, the way he acted. He knew that picking on the kid was easier than telling him how he really felt.

But, then he had tried telling him how he couldn't stop thinking about his sun-freckles on his nose, or his lips, or the feeling of his body against his. It had been wrong of Billy to tell him after a particularly intense encounter in the back of Eric's car.

It had been wrong to say anything at all.

Billy had learned very quickly that repressing things like that was safer than talking about them.

Now, he was drawn to someone again. This time it was different. Wilder. Harrington infuriated him. This was a dangerous, hostile attraction. It was thrilling and wrong. So wrong. But, that was better than thinking it was right, right?

Billy huffed out a breath and drove the thoughts out of his mind. This whole situation was foolish. He sighed again, shaking out his shoulders and resolutely setting his jaw. As he proceeded to finally put his gym clothes away in his locker, he made a promise to himself that he would only make the same mistakes once.

Notes for the Chapter:

Comment your predictions for what's gonna happen next! ;) Head canon that head canon, baby. <3 C + S.

4. Stephanie

Notes for the Chapter:

Almost TWO months later, we're back and ~sluttier~ than ever.

We're sorry that it has taken us so long to come out with chapter four. This semester has hit us pretty hard, but we're back, baybee!! Thank you all so much for your patience and continued support. Check out our official tumblr [1985baybee](#) for updates!

Steve barrelled at what felt like a hundred miles an hour toward the brightly colored wall of the roller rink. He met it with a *thud*. Welcome to Roller World. Day one and it already sucked. He had made five dollars in the last two hours and even that was a lot for the state of Indiana. His uniform was stupid and itchy and his shorts were definitely too small. Over the booming music Steve heard the sound of children laughing and screeching behind him. Everything smelled stale and sweaty.

Brushing a strand of hair out of his face and leaning against the wall for support, Steve looked around the rink. Kids sprawled out on the wooden floors, couples tugged on each other's hands, and parents sat dazed on worn-out benches. Neon lights danced around the space, adding to the chaos. He wanted nothing more than to go home. Steve knew that his boss was trying to "see how he handled the weekend rush" by scheduling him on a Friday night. At first, he thought he was going to breeze through this first shift with minimal bruises and a decent amount of cash. But the second he pulled into the parking lot, Steve's heart sank. It was a double-parked nightmare.

Steve sighed and pushed off from the wall, trying to simultaneously supervise skating children and actually skate himself. He successfully looped around the perimeter of the rink one whole time.

A tiny skater whipped past him in the completely wrong direction. "Learn how to skate, loser man!"

Steve almost ate shit. He sharply turned his head after the shrieking preteen. Panicked, he followed after him against the flow of the other skaters.

He was gaining speed, his roller skates pounding the hardwood with every stride. "Hey, kid! Turn around! You have to go with the traffic! You're going the wrong way!"

The kid expertly spun in place and skated backward in the same, wrong direction. "So are you!" He taunted.

"I work here! I'm allowed!" Steve panted.

"Then why can't you keep up?" The kid retorted.

Steve fumed. Kids were assholes. Instinct told him to pick up his feet higher if he wanted to go faster. Instinct was oh so wrong, and his feet slipped out from under him, prompting him to fall flat on his ass.

Steve groaned and rolled onto his side. He tried to prop himself up on his hands, but the wheels on his skates were of no help. He slipped and crumbled back onto the floor. He took the opportunity to lie there for a moment. He deserved to, at the very least.

Steve turned his head. He was pretty close to the rental window. He was sure everyone had just seen the entirety of that ordeal play out.

Wait.

No.

Fuck.

This is it. This is how he was gonna die. He was convinced he would never get back up and some kid would roll over all of his appendages until at last he would bleed out on the waxy floor.

Billy was hand-in-hand with a sweet bottle-blond and looking at him out of the corner of his eye. A small smile formed on his lips.

Coincidence was a funny word and an even funnier concept. Steve felt like he was losing his mind. Every time he was in a rough spot,

Billy was at the ready, prepared and excited to rub salt in the wound.

Billy was still looking at him, apparently amused. Resolutely, Steve got onto his hands and knees and began the process of standing up again. He took his time, eyes glued to the floor, specifically avoiding Billy's gaze. This time he made it to his feet, holding his arms out to balance. He slowly started to glide forward again, keeping his focus trained away from the rental area. He spotted the kid he was tailing before, now going with the grain and at a lesser pace. All Steve had to think about now was redeeming himself and showing the people in this rink that he could skate. He winced at the bruise he could feel forming on his ass, but he was determined not to let it affect him. Steve would not embarrass himself in front of Hargrove and his dumb date.

Again.

Steve looked like a dejected Bambi, if Bambi was born in roller skates and hot pants. *Oh, Bambi, Bambi, Bambi.* As pathetic as Bambi was, he was so entertaining to watch. Billy always hated that stupid movie, but this was the best thing he had seen all night. *Jesus.* Billy involuntarily squeezed his date's hand when he saw what Steve's ass looked like in those shorts as he skated away. They could not have been the right size.

"Billy?" said the soft voice beside him. After a moment, "Is everything alright?"

"Just peachy, Stephanie," he said, not looking at her.

"Did you just call me Stephanie?" she asked with an uncomfortable laugh.

"Yeah... that's your name, isn't it?"

"It's Martha," she said, pulling her hand away.

Martha? Well then who the hell is Stephanie?

The people in front of them finished getting their skates and Billy moved up to the window. "I'm a size 11 and she's a size... what's your size, sweetheart?"

Martha looked directly at the man behind the counter. "I'm a women's 7."

"She's a size 7," Billy said at a decibel higher than Martha's version.

The man behind the counter rolled his eyes and picked out each size from behind him.

They changed shoes without speaking to one another. Martha was faster at tying her laces than Billy, and when she stood up in front of him, he really took notice of her for the first time. Her form-fitting sweater was lined with lace and it was tucked into her dark jeans. Her belt buckle glinted in the colorful lights. They would look good together on the rink.

"Hey. Martha."

Martha looked at Billy, unimpressed. He flashed her a smile.

"That's a really sick belt you got on."

Her features softened. "Thanks, Billy."

"Don't mention it," he said, rising to his feet and reaching for her hand again. "C'mon. Let's go have some fun."

They easily glided, hand in hand, across the carpet and onto polished wood. Billy had always loved skating. He had been buying a pack at the General Store when he had overheard Stephanie, *no, Martha*, talking to her coworker behind the counter about how much she missed going to Roller World. When he had asked her out, he had planned for a fun night of showing off with a hot chick by his side. He hadn't expected that Steve Harrington would be here, working a Friday night shift at a roller rink of all things. He hadn't expected Steve to have a job, period.

It made this all the better. Here he was with a bangin' girl who he knew could skate circles around everyone. And there Harrington was. Alone. He had already busted his ass before Billy could even get on the floor. His tight ass.

Jesus. He was on a date with a girl and he was acting like a fucking flamer. He squeezed Martha's hand, giving her a tight-lipped smile as they finished their first loop around the rink. *Get a grip, Hargrove.*

Steve went on his break early. After his run-in with Billy, all hopes of having a smooth shift went right out the window. He didn't care about his boss or his co-workers or the pissy parents. He needed to focus on making it out of this place alive, balls and dignity intact.

The rink's concession stand was coated with a thin layer of grease and crumbs. Sitting back in one of the plastic booths, Steve took a big gulp of his "complementary employee beverage." Even his Coke had a distinctly fried taste.

His pizza was cold. His thighs were sticking to the blue plastic.

He wanted to go home.

Even on his break — even from the booth — he couldn't escape all that was Billy because *Billy* and his *date* were showboating around the rink like it was some kind of competition. For unknown reasons, the guy could skate faster than anyone in this place. And his date was unbelievable; it was like she had been hand selected just to make Steve feel insecure. He watched as she twisted and twirled, moving in ways he didn't think were possible on skates. He was still figuring out how to not fall.

Steve couldn't even enjoy his break because he was too busy dreading when it would be over. He tried to focus on chugging down his soda, but it was impossible not to strategize how he would avoid that Mullet Asshole for the rest of his shift.

Steve took a final, aggressive sip from his soda and shakily slid from the booth. Tossing his cup in the trash, he reluctantly rolled away from the comfort of the fryers and back onto the rink.

He wobbled a little with every stride. He had no idea that roller skating would take such a toll on his leg muscles; it made Billy and his date's skill even more frustrating. But he was doing fine so far.

Just don't fall. Don't fall.

Billy passed Steve, skating behind his date with his hands firmly on her hips. Steve caught him staring straight at him, his expression smug. Billy didn't take his eyes off of him as he spoke into the girl's ear. She laughed, oblivious. Steve couldn't take it anymore, turning away from them.

A kid was sitting alone in the middle of the floor. Concerned, Steve rolled over to him. When he crouched next to the boy, Steve could see that his face was red, his knees were skinned, and his skates were untied.

"Bad night, huh kid?"

The boy nodded and shrugged a little.

"I understand." He mustered up a reassuring look and tied the boy's skates for him. When he was done, Steve offered him his hand. The boy took it and propelled himself to his feet, accidentally pulling Steve down in the process. He fell face first, his hands and knees colliding with the floor. The kid gave Steve a hurried, "Sorry, thanks!" before rolling away to join the rest of the skaters.

"Steve Harrington!"

Steve rolled onto his back and looked around for the person calling his name. His boss loomed over him.

"How about you take over for Carl behind the snack counter for the rest of the night? We can't have you dying on your first day. C'mon." Larry, Senior Manager of Roller World, extended a hand down to him. It was like he was being greeted by a sweaty, middle-aged angel. He let Larry help him up, relieved to escape the rink. He was better

with a register anyway.

“One Sprite, please!” Martha chirped, tossing her hair behind her shoulder.

Steve gave her a nod and turned towards the soda machine, filling up a cup and placing it on the counter with robotic indifference.

Billy leaned on the counter, turning towards his date while still managing to sneak a glance at Steve. “Hey, pal, make that two, will ya?” He didn’t drink Sprite. He would have taken anything other than Sprite. But he couldn’t help trying to catch another glance of Steve bending down to fill up one of those stupid plastic cups.

Jesus.

Those uniforms had to be illegal. There was no way that shorts that short should be around children.

“Thank you so much,” Billy said with a wink, maintaining eye contact with him as he took an exaggerated sip from the straw.

“That’ll be a dollar, *sir*.” Steve made a saccharine smile that looked more like a grimace and slid the cup towards Billy. He noticed that Steve’s lips slipped right back into their usual pout while he waited behind the register.

Billy pulled out a handful of small change from his pocket and dumped it on the counter. “Make sure you give me exact change. Sorry, what was your name, again? I don’t see a name tag or anything.” He looked Steve up and down.

Steve couldn’t help but let out a snort, dumbfounded. “It’s Ronald. Reagan.” He began counting the change, his fingers moving dexterously across the counter. He mouthed the coin amounts as he slid them into the register.

“Well, then, all hail the King,” Billy replied. Steve stiffened almost imperceptibly before lifting up his head and giving Billy a good, old Customer Service Smile.

“Twenty seven cents is your change. Would you like a receipt?”

“Oh, sure. Why not?” Billy rested his elbow on the counter. Steve looked in every direction but his as the register begrudgingly squeezed out the thin slip of paper. In one smooth motion, he placed the coins and receipt into Billy’s open palm. Stuffing the money into his pocket, Billy swiveled back around to face his lovely companion.

“Wanna get outta here, Martha?” Billy asked loudly.

“Sure. Let’s just go.”

The Camaro came to a slow stop outside of Martha’s small, brick apartment complex. Inside, Billy shifted in the driver’s seat to face her.

“You looked pretty amazing today.”

Martha only turned her head to look at him.

“Thanks. It was really nice to skate again. Thank you for taking me.”

Billy leaned over the transmission to push a lock hair out of her face.

“Listen...”

“Listen—”

They both laughed. “Ladies first,” Billy gestured toward her.

“I think maybe we should just be friends.”

“What?”

"I...We had a really great time, but...I don't know..."

"No, say it."

"I can't figure you out. I thought you were really sweet... and you were — are — it's just...I don't know. You're sweet and then you're not. I don't know...but you can be a real asshole."

Billy smiled grimly. "Tell me something I don't know, Stephanie."

"C'mon, really?" Martha huffed.

"Yeah, really. I'll see you around."

Headlights cut through the dark that swallowed the outskirts of Hawkins as Billy sped recklessly on the open road. Volume cranked to its absolute maximum, the sound of Mötley Crüe singing "Helter Skelter" filled the Camaro and leaked out of its cracked windows. Billy nodded his head fervently to the steady beat, swerving every so often just for the hell of it.

Fuckin' Martha, man.

No. *Fuckin' Harrington.*

That son of a bitch. Couldn't do jack shit but fuck with the people around him. If it wasn't for his being distracting at the rink, Billy could have focused on this damn date.

Why did it matter, anyway? It wasn't as if Billy actually cared about Martha. He was just hoping to get some action. *Yeah.* He was hoping to get some action.

The song ended and Billy fumbled with the cassette, one hand on the wheel. He couldn't drive in silence.

When side two finally started to play, Billy could breathe again. No

he couldn't. He was still filled with that nagging frustration that he'd been trying to literally drive off for miles.

He wished he could just choke the guy.

His grip on the wheel tightened. He wasn't sure if he had a fix for a fight or a fuck. He started to regret driving all the way out here for nothing but some side glances and a severe case of blue balls. Billy steered right and skidded to a stop in the breakdown lane.

He shut off the engine, leaving the heat on and the tape running. He was in total darkness. He leaned back against the headrest and let out an elongated sigh.

Yeah, he was gonna go there. Desperate times.

Billy pressed down on the crotch of his jeans with the palm of his hand. He was already getting hard. Jeez, had it really been that long since he had jacked off?

With one hand he undid his top button and pulled down his zipper. His eyes wandered downward as he slid a hand over his boxers, fingers conforming to the shape of his cock.

Billy rubbed through the soft fabric, teasing himself, before finally slipping his hand under to touch bare skin. He inhaled. While he slowly stroked up and down, his other hand slipped from the steering wheel. He slicked his palm with spit and continued this steady, rhythmic pace.

At first Billy tried to focus on the shape of Martha's body as it glided across the rink. He tried to visualize the curve of her hips and breasts, and the color of her hair. But he couldn't for long.

He kept thinking about Steve Harrington: his sleepy brown eyes, his toned legs, his ass in those *fucking* shorts. He thought about the bruised, breathless version of Steve he had seen that night. He wanted to see him helpless, unraveled like that in another context.

"Fuck."

Billy's hips rolled forward as his pace quickened. He brushed his

thumb over the head of his cock, his muscles tensing at the sensation.

Tits. Boobs.

The scent of Harrington in that dingy bathroom as they wrestled for control.

Playboy magazine.

Playgirl magazine?

A low, self-deprecating chuckle rose from Billy's throat. *You might as well give it up now, amigo.*

He wanted to trail his tongue along Steve's collarbone and taste the salt on his skin. He wanted to scrape his nails against his biceps and feel Steve's fingers press into his back. He wanted them to leave marks on each other.

His night at the rink played over in his head.

"That'll be a dollar, sir." Like they didn't even know each other. Steve had no choice but to do what Billy told him to do because Billy was the customer and Steve was at his service. The one time he was permitted to ask something of Billy, it had to be punctuated with *sir*. Steve had to ask nicely and respectfully. It felt good to be called sir for a change. He wished Harrington would so much as try to boss him around, just so that Billy could put him in his place. Such a *little bitch*.

But then Billy remembered how Steve gripped his arm on New Years. He remembered the power and control that Steve had managed to gain, how he grabbed his collar and told Billy what to do. Dangerous territory, but *dammit*, he liked that too. That sheer audacity was what drew Billy to Steve in the first place.

He couldn't do this. Maybe he could succumb to thinking of men while he touched himself but to think of somebody... somebody specific like *Steve*... that would be too much.

He exhaled, his legs shifting wider apart as he continued to jerk himself off. In his imagination, a faceless brunet's head moved between his thighs. He thought of an unknown tongue circling the tip

of his cock before taking him all the way in. He thought of gripping short hair, pushing himself further and further into the man's mouth. Billy's fist matched the tempo at which he fucked the man's throat in his mind. He could only picture what it would be like to finish in his mouth.

Shit.

His hand stuttered and his whole body tensed. Billy closed his eyes, his lips parting as he came into his hand. For a minute, he was still, only his chest moving up and down as he breathed heavily, waiting for his heartbeat to slow.

He was so fucked.

Notes for the Chapter:

Disclaimer: We are very aware of how Martha is portrayed and treated. We are trying to stay as true to Billy's character as possible (without judgment) and though this is third person, we color it with the boys' perspectives. Gracias, amigos. No Bechdel test in THIS fic :(

P.S. Brunet is the male brunette! Who knew

<3 C + S